

Paul and Virginia

By HELENA HOYT GRANT

The Threshold of Adventure

It was barely 4 o'clock—yet there he stood in the hall, a strange expression upon his face.

Virginia paused and looked at him. "Why, honey—what's the matter?" "Matter?" he replied, mysteriously, "Nothing's the matter at all. Can't a successful business man of my stature drop in on his own wife for tea once in a while without creating a sensation?"

It was so unlike Virginia's bantering, "What—what do you mean, dear?"

She noticed for the first time the thick leather gloves he wore, and a suspicion darted through her nimble mind. He reached to the living-room windows and stared down to the street. And then she gave a wild little cry and attacked him with a terrific hug and a resounding kiss.

"You darling—"

"Back, woman!" he cried dramatically. "Back! Motorists are accustomed to you yamps."

She thrust him aside and sped out into the warm sunshine, and there it stood, glittering like a jeweled thing—the car.

"Paul—did you drive it out all alone?" she demanded excitedly.

"Sure," he said, with a blase air. "Of course I did. Almost killed a couple of chaps who were trying to log the road, too."

She grimaced.

"Paul—does it work all right? Do you understand everything about it? He pretended to be interested, although his hand twitched with his own excitement.

"Of course I understand everything."

I guess I'm a born driver, all right, honey. He opened the door that she might see herself in the wonderful new possession. "Paul," she whispered tensely, "Paul, are the neighbors looking out at us?"

He would not deign to glance about.

"Of course not," he replied; "what do you think this is—the only car in the street?"

"But it's so shiny and—so beautiful."

She leaned forward and pressed a finger on the button that sounded the warning signal.

"Oh," she cried delightedly.

"Aw, that's nothing," he said expansively. "By this jigger here and there the brake and lights a red light behind to warn people to stop."

She wriggled in her gay excitement. "When are we going to drive—right away, this afternoon?"

"Hum!" he muttered. "No, guess not. Looks like rain. Might rain and the mud would splash us up pretty bad. No, guess I'll put it into the garage till it looks brighter—tomorrow."

"Oh, Paul—" the wall was plaintive.

"Got to keep her looking nice, honey," he explained. "Don't want it to get shabby looking."

All that was left to do was a teeny ride around the block."

The new motorist climbed into his seat, and with a mask-like face and a masterly air, drove off down the street. A flushed and proud lady beside him and in this fashion began the adventure of the motorists.

Tomorrow—Motor Psychosis



The American girl wears a frock of red, white and blue crepe paper to celebrate the two national days that are coming soon. Patriotic decorations cover the full skirt, while the fan, made like a flag, is unique. A chic hat completes the costume.

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Skating on Thin Ice

GIRLS, girls, do you realize what terrible risks you run? There is a period in the lives of most young folks, if they are full of energy, of imagination, of red blood, of "pep," when they think it is clever to take fearful risks. They scorn gossip that may injure their reputation, and they declare that if "old busybodies" want to tell tales about them, they do not care, so long as their conscience is clear.

The Woman's Exchange

Home Cleaning

Dear Madam—I have a hemstitch crepe dress which stains very easily. Is there not some way I can take these stains out at home? M. J. G.

Yes, you can take stains out of this material by using a solution of carbon tetrachloride, which may be found at a drug store. Apply it with a soft cloth, and you will find it will remove the spots very well.

Varied Wants

Dear Madam—My education was sadly neglected in my early years, and my vocabulary is very limited. I would like to study English in a school, or with some one who would teach just one pupil. Can you advise me? I am a little over thirty, and I too old to go in a class. I should be very nervous, but still I am anxious to learn. He, the man of the world, has to pay for me to follow? Is there a course in English on phonograph records? I have a capital on the bottom of my foot which is very painful. Can you advise me what to do for it? M. E. E.

You could take up English in one of the night schools connected with the public schools or inquire about some one to tutor you individually through the Board of Education. Nineteen and twenty are waiting till the time comes to go to night school, you could do your own thing at your book store, and study it up a bit for yourself. Reading will help you, too. Get Stevenson's "Treasure Island" translated by Sir Walter Scott, and stories by Washington Irving. You'll enjoy them and they'll certainly increase your vocabulary. You can find out about the English course on the phonograph by inquiring of your favorite stores where talking machines are sold.

To remove the callus cover your foot in hot water for half an hour each night before retiring. This will soften the spot. Then rub with a piece of pumice stone to get rid of the hard skin. During the day keep your foot cool and dry. Use the soft foot powder. A handful of water is another good remedy. Soak the feet in this for a half hour, morning and evening, until the callus comes away easily.

The woman of from thirty to thirty-four years should weigh 140 pounds. When she is between thirty-four and thirty-nine, her weight should be 144. So fit yourself in where you belong.

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To cite one terrible example, I knew a young woman who was in her twenties, but had a good income and had had a very extensive education. She had a chance to be alone for a few days in Germany. Her aunt had gone to a nearby city, and existence was dull.

This girl was a pure-minded, inexperienced person, but she took a notion that she wanted to see something of the "gay life." A Swedish bachelor whom she and her aunt knew slightly, and who could not speak English at all, or German very well, was pressed into service to "show her the sights," and evening. She thought no more of asking him to do this than she would had he been a college boy at home. He was puzzled, but discreet.

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PITEOUSLY, with all the words she could summon, in the foreign language, she tried to explain that she was an innocent American lady merely seeing the sights. The escort struggled with what words he could command, and offered money, in desperation, but the officers refused this indignantly. A policeman, however, accompanied them to the very door, to make sure that they were not lying.

When the girl reached her room, she fell upon the bed, ill and humiliated and hysterical with terror and relief.

She had been foolish to drink the sour wine and to stay out so late, but hundreds of Americans were visiting the city, and her curiosity had been absolutely innocent. It was a narrow escape from notoriety and scandal.

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WHAT'S WHAT

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This awkwardly stubborn attitude betrays want of early training. One of the first principles of courtesy is social accommodation, that graceful arrangement of individuals to form a harmonious circle, the yielding of place, and a certain deference to the wishes of others which helps to make the time pass pleasantly for all concerned. On the other hand, the ill-bred man or woman who insists on making the time pass pleasantly for himself, is guilty in introducing discord into the harmony of existence.

Please Tell Me

What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Just Pete" Wishes Girls Would Not Smoke

Dear Cynthia—I read your column nearly every day, and like it very much, but have not written to you before. I was much interested in the letter written by "A Reader" in which she says that smoking is harmful, and I do wish that it could be done away with. I have made up my mind not to go out with a girl that smokes. I think it is a disgrace, but you can't blame a girl who smokes, and I am glad that I do not smoke myself, and am glad that I have not formed the habit. I have heard that "A Reader" is a person who would know that they are much prettier without it. I am sure, and I will write with "A Reader": Dear girls, be your own sweet selves and don't smoke, and I will not regard you as a "Just Pete."

'Disgusted With Men' Writes Again

Dear Cynthia—Well, here I am again! Heavens, if I had known I would have written "Why" my life was in danger for a time. But I did like hearing from you. I am glad to hear that you are a "Reader" and a more than angelic brother accused me of trying to start a revolution. But I would like to know her father and brother. I'll bet they're as interested as a school meeting. Why, they ought to be preserved in alcohol. Well, maybe they're not. I believe I am a little over being Theda Bara. Not if you saw me, young 'un. I'm very sorry about your walk down Chestnut street, except when I have to, which is rather often. I bobbed my hair, not because of style, but because it is so convenient. In fact, I was one of the original bobbers and flappers. "Flap, flap, flap" they used to hear them in a couple of years.

All my friends had a good word to say to me. I would print my name and address, but I don't want to be a nuisance. I'm afraid the United States Postoffice might be a little overbearing. Sir, I had had, you went one better on me. How's your friend "Handsome" the girl? We won't mob you. Did you read my letter? I wonder if you read the letter? I bet you do.

So long. Hope to hear of you again. DISGUSTED WITH MEN.

Cynthia had a pained feeling that somebody was reading her letter to be smart when she read this letter.

Says Very Few Men Are Sensible

Dear Cynthia—May I have a word with "Blue Eyes?"

Here is one of the girls who agree with you, "Blue Eyes." At least, as far as the last part of your letter was concerned. I remember a letter from Hector, who said "A Reader" but I can't remember which of them was "A Reader." I believe it was Hector, please remember that I said the latter part alone interested me.

There, I've said my say, and I have "Blue Eyes." Only I am a brunette with "naturally" bobbed hair. I am honestly not without the least bit of conceit that I am one of these so-called flappers, though I am not very much interested in the opposite sex, yet I might say without hesitation that I seldom meet across a really sensible young man. I am a private secretary in a law office, and hence have the opportunity of meeting young men of every class. And one out of ten is what I would call sensible and knows his place. I would hate to have anything to be termed as "narrow-minded," as no doubt some of you are thinking.

There, I've said my say, and if Cynthia will be good enough to print this I will have the opportunity of seeing, through the "Blue Eyes" or "Blue Eyes," whether I really am hopelessly narrow-minded, as I sometimes think I am. A line from you, Cynthia, would be very much appreciated by me. Sincerely yours, "Blue Eyes."

Again Cynthia must say that this is not entirely the fault of the men themselves, although what you say is no doubt true. I am sure, however, that some secretaries are flirtatious and the men take their cue from them. Most of them, however, are not. I bet you see that you are not that kind, don't you?

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She Wanted a Cape Like Her Friend's,

Although It Made Her Look Very Fat

Nowadays the Only Reason for Wanting a Thing Is That Everybody Else Has It—Originality Is Scorned

"BUT, mother," protested the girl who was overly stout. "I don't see why you won't let me have a cape. Why, everybody has them! They're the thing."

That was her only reason for wanting the cape.

It made no difference to her that the cape made her look just plain fat.

Her best friend had one and all the girls in her class at school had them, and so she wanted one.

Of course, her best friend was very slim, and she was the only girl in the class who was overweight, but that made no difference to her either.

It doesn't seem to make any difference now whether a thing is becoming or nice or modest or pretty; if other people are wearing it, that's the thing to wear.

This attitude is the same as the one taken by a group of students at a prominent university when one number of their publication was criticized by the faculty.

THE faculty, especially one man who was famous among the students for his broad-mindedness, said that most of the matter in the paper for that one month was indecent.

And the young editors replied indignantly that this number was one of the best they had ever got out.

"Why," they exclaimed, in explanation of their broad statement, "we sold more copies of that than of any other issue. We had a circulation of 100,000 that didn't sell at all, but everybody was crazy about this one."

It seemed such an inadequate answer. The criticism was not on the selling qualities of the magazine, but upon its decency!

Suppose it did sell, that didn't make its contents any more refined; it merely reflected badly upon the minds and tastes of the many who bought it.

BUT arguments nowadays are based so very conveniently on anything the debater wants to base them on; the grounds do not have to be logical or sound.

"people are doing it," that's enough.

If "people like it," it's all right; no matter whether it is questionable enough to make you blush.

There seems to be a lack of originality, and a shortage of good taste.

It isn't good form this year to prefer something that is different from what everybody else in the world has.

It is considered "queer," "out of style," "funny looking."

And the girl who stands out for refinement and delicacy in the midst of a crowd which is fun-crazy has one chance in a hundred of being popular.

She is called "old-fashioned," "slow," "a small-timer."

YET everybody knows that originality is to be admired, and that modesty and refinement always win out in the end.

Of course, it is just a phase of modern life, this worship of the mode and pursuit of the wild and jazzy.

But it is a phase which may have a lasting effect upon girls and boys who are growing up under its influence.

A harmful effect.

A GIRL who has been brought up by the customs of her time to wear only things that are exactly like what every other girl is wearing, say nothing that is in the least different from what every other girl and boy is accustomed to saying and do nothing but

Adventures With a Purse

I WAS in a shoe shop with Helen while she was buying a pair of white kid slippers, and when she had taken them, they told her about an excellent pair for kid shoes that not only is supposed to clean them, but also to preserve the leather. I immediately made inquiries, and she told me about it, since I feel sure that if you bought a pair of the new saddle strap oxfords this year you will be glad to know of something that will keep them in good condition. One slipper rubs the paste on with a soft cloth. The price of a box is twenty-five cents.

As the nice shopkeeper told me, you cannot wear one of these shoes. It is exceedingly fashionable. Which is why I tell you about the blue bracelets. They are quite wide—almost an inch. I should say; and they are composed of solid squares of shiny black rubber set that they will fit snugly. They are finished with a kind of medallion where a clasp would ordinarily be. They cost fifty cents, and are about the smartest bracelets I have seen this year. The price will amaze you when you see them. There are one or two other styles, too.

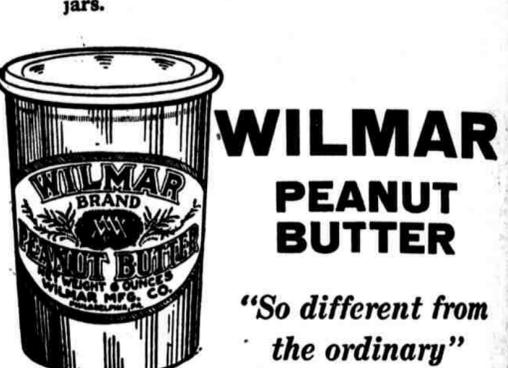
Window "Frames"

A pleasing way to treat windows in a sun parlor is to have lattices built around them and plant vines in window boxes. These vines can be trained up the lattices. Ferneries to match the furniture are interesting, placed at the sun porch windows.

Wherever You Go On Memorial Day—

put a jar or two of Wilmar in the lunch basket. How the folks will enjoy its delicious flavor! It's a picnic all in itself. Your grocer has Wilmar in jars with a red and green label.

The reason Wilmar is "so different from the ordinary" is because it is made from carefully selected Virginia-grown peanuts—ground in sanitary grinding machines and the flavor sealed in air-tight jars.



"So different from the ordinary"



Our standard of coffee quality is high

and therefore permits of only one grade—the very best.

If we carried two or more grades of coffee, at two or more different prices, naturally they could not all be of the same quality.

We feel that our customers are entitled to the best coffee grown—particularly since our close connections with the source of supply enable us to sell Asco Blend at such a remarkably low price.

Asco Coffee at 29c per lb. is the greatest value in coffee you'll find anywhere. Try a cup—you will like it better than coffees selling at almost double the price.